Dear Dick,

6/14/91

If what I've been sending like the enclosed are of no use or interest to you the copies I have can be used by a writer or will serve history.

I added the enclosed on Farewell America last night but did not get a chance to read and correct it until just now. I'll mail it when we go to supper.

Early this morning I got an idea of how to begin another section that could in itself be a book. Indeed, I began one on it years ago. I'll not now be able to add to what I wrote earlier and haven't finished or read and corrected. I have in mind as a title for that section, "Was Oswald an Agent? And other CIA-Conspiracy Trivia." It is one of ignored or omitteds or overlookeds.

Lardner phoned yesterday. He said he had not gotten my letter and from the conversation he clearly hadn't. The agent declined, really disapproving his outline. Esther Neuhaus? She said, from what he said, some of the things I said.

Not knowing I'd be tied up until lunchtime with a changed dental appointment and what it required I wasn't home. But I told him that if he did not get it today to let me know and I'd make and mail him a copy if I heard in time to get it mailed by 5. I've not heard from him in the hour we've been home. So he got it or is working on a story.

Please let me know if your copy did not reach you. I mailed them both inside the local post office last Saturday late afternoon.

Best to all,

Harold

FAREWELL AMERICA

In a movie based on Garrison's book Garrison's credibility is, of course, central. Much of what he did and believed in is incredible and outrageous, a few are also ludicrous, but in thinking back I believe that his belief in and love of what clearly was intended to be harmful to him, a fake book and later a movie By French intelligence is perhaps the most laughable. It lends itself to treatment at once factual and responsible and at the same time ridicule.

Of what is attached the hasty memo I wrote earlier tells the story in general. I probably have some notes although in those days I had time for making very few.

Since writing it I've remembered that I began trying undermining Garrison's confidence in it as soon as I read the first section. He gave me a manuscript copy of it once when I was about to take a plane home. I read it on the plane and was soon in touch with him about its irrelevance and unreality.

The memo refers to another of Garrison's imagined conspiracies, of wealthy and prominent sado-massochists. I mention a few names with the understanding they not be used. I knew a beautiful, wealthy and well-known woman I believed had slept with one of them. I spoke to her about him and she told me quite straightforwardly that he was a gentle and tender lover - no rough stuff at all.

That strange business at 1025 Royal Street, in hot New Orleans selling only bagged coal and wood for a small part of the day, I have located the pictures I took. They have faded but they confirm my description and the business hours are quite clear.

Some records were given to me by some of Garrison's staff. A few of which I'd made copies also are attached.

The initial feed of this phoniness to Garrison was via Ramparts magazine, beginning with Stanley Scheinbrun at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, at Santa Barbara, as I recall the name of the group Robert Hutchins started. Ramparts and former FBI SA Bill Turner, then on its staff and a Garrison intimate, actually believed and led Garrison to believe that the KGB had secret information on the JFK assasination and would find a means of getting it to him secretly. Rose was sent to Mexico, as

the memo states, returned with nothing except a frustrated play for two Minneapolis young women, but Garrison's supporters on the west coast were all keyed up about it and he and they really did talk about it in codes, the name for it being "the San Diego radio station."

I have copies of Ramparts with distorted and dishonest accounts of the affair, their covering of their own asses, particularly Turner's and then editor, now Bay area columnist Warren Hinckle.

I refer to Steve Jaffe and enclose a telegram relating to possible U.S. publication of the phony book and to my conversation with him when we awaited Lamarre's return. I tried to explain to him that loyalty and sycophancy were not identical, that loyalty sometimes required disagreeing, etc. Somewhere I have what I was given, the memo he wrote Garrison about that lecture. One of the reasons I mention it is that Stone's publicist also is named Jaffe. She ordered only two of my books, two - believe Steve did not have.

Previously I sent an FBI copy of a Garrison/Boxley conspiracy chart. That as given to the FBI by Paul Rothermel, who was playing both sides. He or the FBI or both got it mixed up a little. What I also gave Rothermel is a complete manuscript copy of the book. It and the Garrison/Boxley conspiracy chart both made a major conspirator of his boss, H. L. Hunt.

It was some time later that he informed the Dallas FBI. The attached FBI Headuarters Domestic Intelligence note was written to be bucked upward by SA Richard E. Long, later an assistant FBI director in charge of personnel and finance.

Despite the twists and errors, this does confirm the Garrison connection with the fake book. The copy of the manuscript I gave Rothermel was given to me for that purpose by Louis Ivon, then Garrison's chief investigator.

Oh! the good, clean fun a writer with the proper skills could have in this writing, and how readers would enjoy it!

Of course there is no mention of Farewell America in Garrison's book. And, of course, there is no mention of it in Stone's script, much as it suggests what the script says, that the CIA set out to wreck Garrison.

This is one of the innumerable actualities that led me to tell Stone he'd be a Mack Sennett producing a Keystone Kops farce starring a (very pale) Pink Panther.

Farewell America. This is Garrison's retitling of a fake book with reasonably certainty made up by the French CIA, SDECE, to wreck Garrison's case and trial, the Shaw case. As published in French the title was "L'Amerique Brule," or America Burns."

Although the book was intended to do Garrison in he became its strongest and most vocal supporter - helping those trying to kill him, so to speak.

I do not know that eventually I got him to abandon his support of this transparent fake but I did end his intended support of a phony movie made from it also by SDECE. When I did that Garrison's staff told me I had saved him from bisbarrment, not the only time.

I've checked and I have quite a bit relating to this, including some of Garrison's notes, those of ex-FBI agent Bill Turner through whom, along with Warren Hinckle. then editor of Ramparts and now a Bay area columnist, the French spooks fed the manuscript to Garrison with contrived mystery. The Hinckle-Turner account of this in their book is fiction and I have enough of the proof. My Jaffe-Hepburn file in my office includes even the enormous list of the conjectured conspiracy. I hesitate to say that it is in Garrison's writing but it is what he was saying and illustrating with a blackboard and charts of which I do have some copies.

I am sure I have other related files but wanting to get this mailed I'm not checking.

I've selected for copying and enclose part of my Jaffe-Hepburn file for a reason.

Steve Jaffe, then a not very bright or sophisticated (in such matters) moving picture student in Los Angeles and a devotee of Mark Lane, was wished off on Garrison by Lane as an investigator, a function for which he had neither training nor experience nor any instincts. Garrison sent him to Europe to do some checking on the authenticity of the fake book and did the French spooks take him in hand and over! Copies of some of the cards with which he returned are enclosed. Impressive, too! He was also so loyal and unselfish he tried to cut himself in on the deal on the book, cable also enclosed.

When I was finally able to get a copy of the manuscript, single-spaced on legal-sized paper at that, and among other things it has the late H.L.Hunt as one of the conspirators, seeking assistance I phoned Paul M. Rothermel II, the former FBI agent who was his chief of security. Paul told me to go to the Delta ticket counter at the N.O. airport where there would be a ticket in my name (there was) and to go to the statute of the Texas Ranger at Dallas' Love Field, where I'd be picked up and taken to the hotel room reserved for me. I used the ticket only because I was also going there with John Pilger, an honored British reporter and my friend and his photographer, Matt Herron. So, I stayed with them. The old man Hunt was so grateful - could - and did - walk in off the street and he'd see me in private and immediately. (I also declined his offer to be his ghost writer.) Paul played both sides, giving the Dallas FBI a copy of a Garrison/Boxley chart I'd given him as a joke and misrepresenting it as my belief. I have this from the FBI files I got by lawsuit.

There is much that is ludicrous, ridiculous, incredible and also fantasy that I here skip but do have to report the end of that spook ploy before it could ruin Garrison, or to put it more accurately, before he could ruin himself with it.

I was in ~~Dallas~~ Neworleans staying with Matt Herron, as then I often did, when early in the morning Steve Jaffe phoned him to ask if Matt could ~~provide~~ provide him and "Hepburn" with a movie projector. Understanding what Steve wanted to do I got Matt to give me the phone and told ~~him~~ Steve I could get him one and I could also offer him and Hepburn transportation so they would not have to wait for cabs. (I had a souped-up Chevvy II that the cops had taken from a gangster that Garrison's chief investigator, Louis Ivon, by name in the Stone script, always let me have because it was considered, and it was, too dangerous for the staff to use it after the cops gave it to them to use.)

I drove to the Pontchartrain Hotel on St. Charles Avenue, parked the car and went up to their rooms, helping them down with their luggage and what they had relating to the movie, including cans of it.

The pen name on the book is James Hepburn. The author or the main author used the name Herve Lamarre, not his full real name. He was known as a spook specializing in petroleum in the U.S. to Rothermel and others. He said he had a thing on Audrey Hepburn, thus the "Jaime" into James Hepburn.

He asked me if I had time to please drive him to as I recall 1025 Royal Street, in the French Quarter. Time is what I wanted to take because I knew the plane they had to catch and wanted to prevent their getting an endorsement from Garrison for their film, their expressed purpose in being there at the beginning of a U.S. tour with it.

I parked the car at the corner, Hepburn walked to where he wanted to go, and fruitlessly I tried to talk some sense to Jaffe. Hepburn returned in about a half hour and I then proceeded to get and keep myself lost in driving on all the wrong streets I could get myself lost on. Finally, with little time left for them to hook Garrison, I parked the car where it was usually stored, at the gas station across Broad Street from Garrison's office, with their luggage locked in the trunk and the cans of film in their hands. As soon as we were in the office I got hold of Ivon, wised him up, and within moments Hepburn and Jaffe were literally thrown out of the building, threat following them. I had to go down and unlock the trunk so they could get their luggage and then a cab.

Then I went back to where I'd driven Hepburn and used an old reflex to make clear pictures of it, a strange bhsiness if one intended to make a living from it: Villerie's Coal Scuttle. Hours 10 a.m. to about 3 p.m. (on sign in pictures). And the young widow Villerie, quite an attractive woman, sold only bagged wood and coal!

Farewell America, of which I have a copy and on which I have a file, was the most libellous book I ever saw. It could not be published in the U.S. They did try, and I recall with Lyle Stuart. The English edition was printed in Luxembourg or Belgium and shipped

to Candda, when some copies were mailed into the US and quite a few cartons of them were shipped to the former FBI agent and close Garrison crony/ conspiracy-theoriest Bill Turner, who sold some from Tiburon, CA.

It still is sometimes quoted as a dependable source in other books!

A glance at the book make it obvious that it is a fake but Garrison loved it and the artificial mystery contrived to make it appear hazardous to get a copy of the manuscript to him. They actually attributed it to the KGB! and Garrison believed it was helping him! is

Jim Rose: Who claimed to have been CIA and who was used by Hinckle and Turner on the phony mystery part of Farewell America was, when I met and immediately suspected him, engaged in inventing evidence for Garrison on one of his really incredible conspiracies, and I do mean Garrison believed it and the others. This one was a sad-massochist ring of wealthy and prominent men all married who eased their wives off into special parties so they could could engage in their violent homosexuality. I use some of the names I recall with the understanding that they will not be used or mentioned to anyone else. Of course, Clay Shaw, charged by Garrison. Lyndon Johnson and if I recall correctly, Walter Jenkins of his staff. Clint Hutchison, Texas wealthy businessman. Pierre Salinger, I may have notes on others. Rose returned after an overnight "investigation" with some hypodermic syringes he said he'd gotten from the trash at a mansion owned by a man, one of the alleged ring, and it was all just too pat. I saw him with these things at the door of Art Kevin's office at KHJ's newsroom. Kevin may recall this. Anyway, I broke that up, too, before it could go public. (Rose also used the name E. Carl McHabb in Mexico and I hae a file on that, too.)

1/ There was even a code name for the book to be used in phone conversations: the San Diego radio station. The CBS station there was KGB.